

1d.

18. May. 1682.

The Despairing Lover A New Song.

How long d'ya mean to Torture mee in Loves hot scorching Flames Cloris what time shall I gett-
 free from Loves fantastick Dreams, never, that sad Infernall sound does daily Reach--
 mine ear: and ever racks y^e bleeding wound w^h for your sake w^h for your sake I beare:

That I do Love Cloris you know
 My greif to you I tell
 My over fondness of you Shows
 That I have lov'd too well
 And in requitall of my Love 2
 You blast me with a breath
 The wounds you gave will fatall prove
 Each frown pronounce
 Each frown pronouncing Death
 It greives my heart to See you chuse
 my Rivall in my Room
 And unconcern'd tell him the News
 On mee you've past your Doom
 my Injur'd Ghost when ere I Dy 3
 Shall never let you rest
 But hovering in the Ayre shall fly
 and steal
 And steal into your breast
 Thus I Torment my Self and doubt
 that you unconstant are
 you know true Love is ne're without
 Great jealousies and feares
 Than pardon the distracted though 4
 of one you know is true
 One Love has in Subjection brought
 and made a Slave
 And made a Slave to you

If you have any pittie left
 than shon it now and save
 Him who Despaire of finding rest
 and don't you digg my Grave
 For if I dy through your neglect 5
 pray writt this on my Tomb
 My Judg being Fair I did expect
 a favoura
 A favourable Doom
 And since you did my woes procure
 I'll try if Torments can
 Increase my flame or help to cure
 a love distracted man 6
 I'll find some sure yet speedy way
 to end my miserie
 Too long my ruin I delay
 and yet seem loath
 And yet seem loath to Dy
 I'll place my self on Caucasus
 and there I'll lend such Groanes
 Shall scare the damn'd Prometheus
 with my sad frightfull Tones 7
 I'll make the Vultures quit their prey
 and feed upon my breast
 For through this meanes perhaps I may
 find hopes of have
 Find hopes of having rest
 Finis